THE BOY'S

SCRAP BOOK.

WITH MANY ENGRAVINGS.



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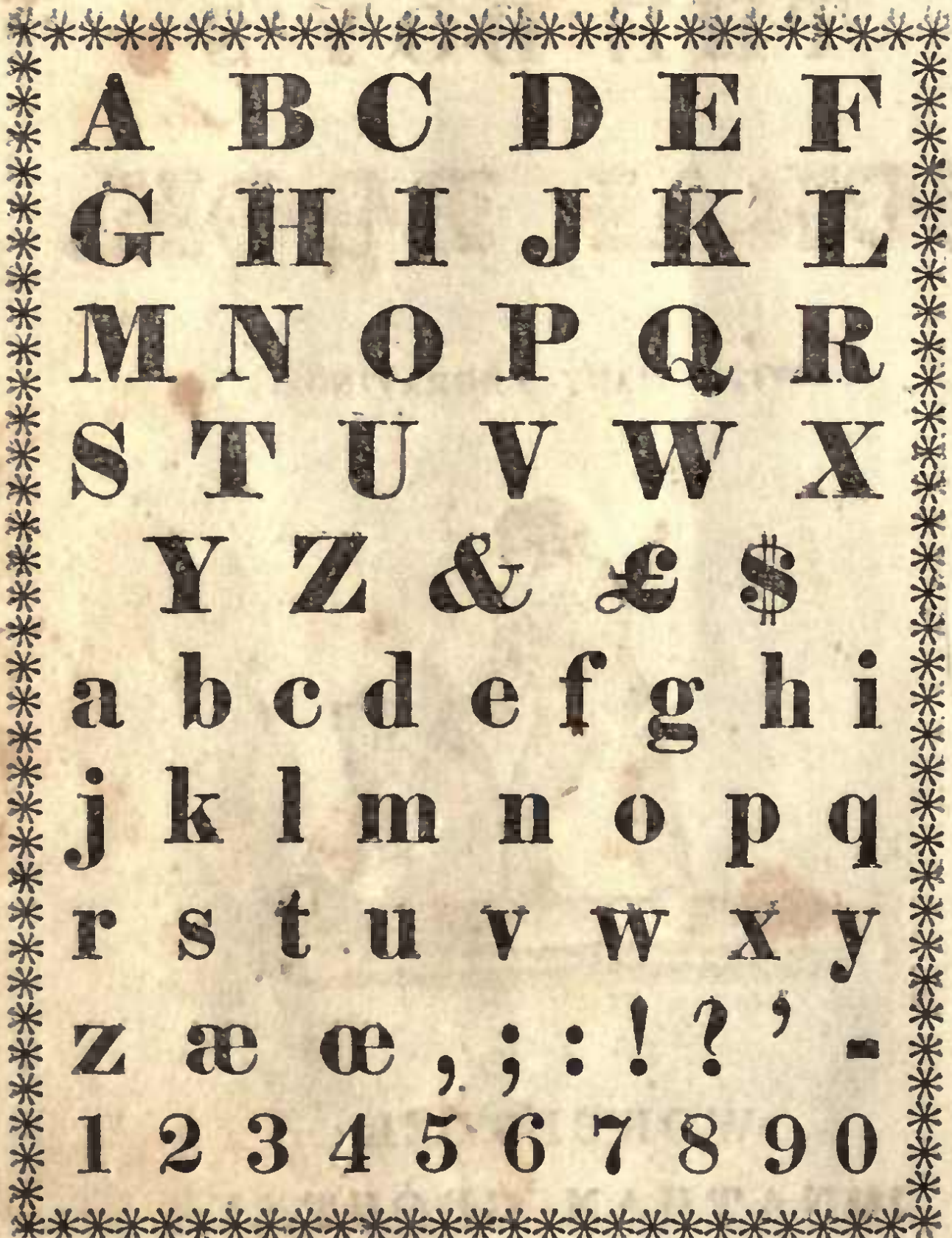


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WORCESTER:
JONATHAN GROUT, JR.


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THE BOY'S SCRAP BOOK.

HAPPY CHARLES,

OR IMPATIENCE CURED.

"I don't wish to stay at home mother, I don't," said little Charles one afternoon—"I want to go out and play with the other boys."

"No, Charles, you know that you have been unwell for two or three days, and I fear it would make you quite sick to go out to-day."

"No, it would'nt make me sick either," said Charles, beginning to cry in a cross and surly manner—"Mother, mayn't I go?"

She shook her head, and it was enough, for Charles knew that after his mother had once

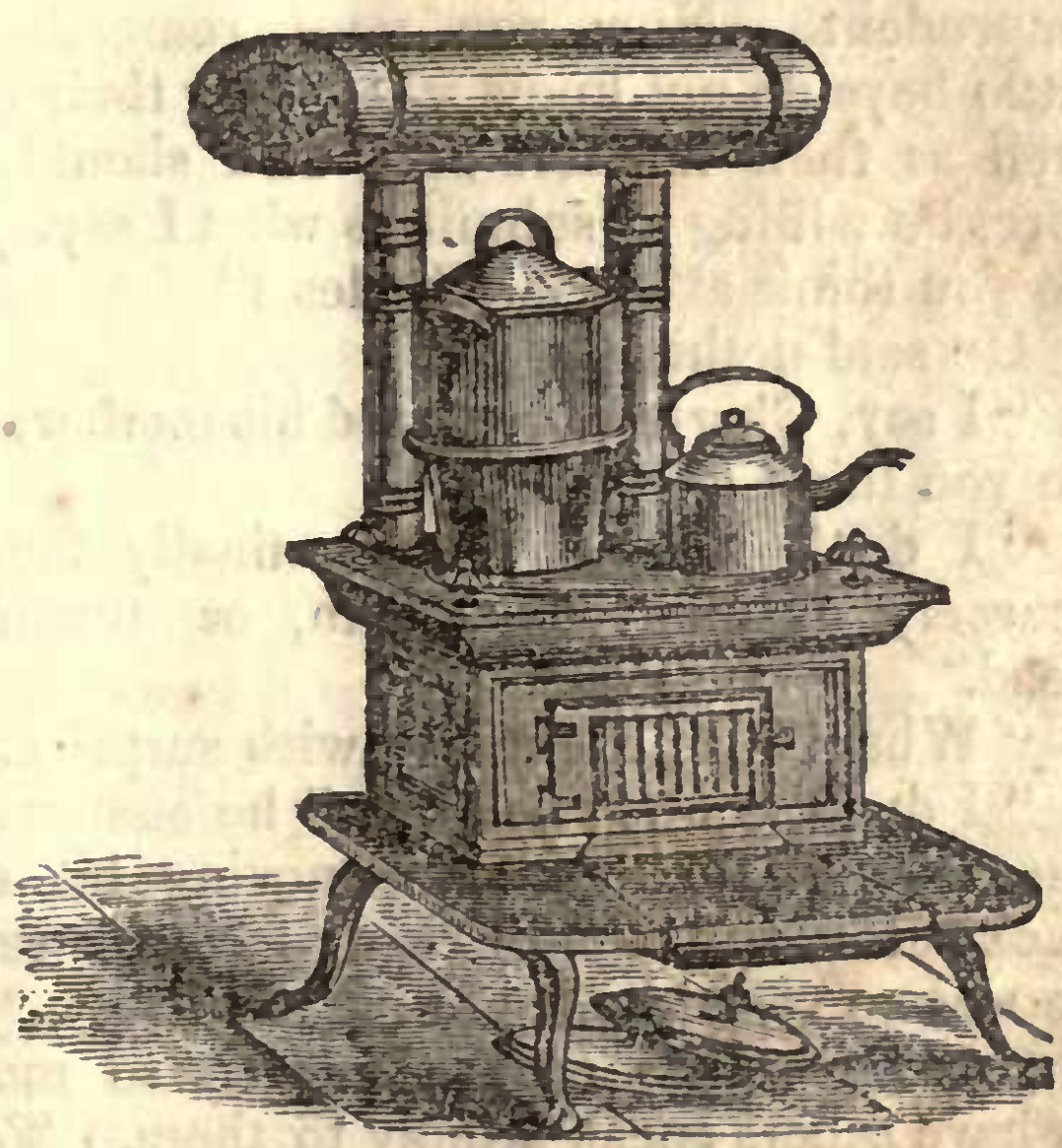
refused him, it would be of no use to cry and tease her; so he hung up his cap and sat down, wishing he was a *man*, and then he could go out and *play with the boys* when he had a mind to.

He drew his little chair near the stove, where the cat was playing with a basket. O, thought he, how happy are you puss, for you can play just as much as you please. As the birds flew by the windows and merrily sang in the trees,



he looked out and wished he was as free and happy as they seemed to be. So he thought and wished, for as much as half an hour, without saying a single word. Then his mother kindly asked, "Do you not feel too warm sitting there? Had you not better sit farther from the fire?"

The fire was made of hard wood, in a stove like this; and it was very hot.



"No," said he, pouting out his lips, without turning towards his mother, with his face almost as red as a blaze, for he was so warm.

"Charles, my son, I see you feel very angry,

and it grieves me. You wish to play out of doors, in the damp air, but I think it would be imprudent. Now you must remember that little boys do not know what is for their good as well as their mothers do. You should, therefore, be willing to submit to what I say. What do you think about it, Charles ?"

He said nothing.

"I say, Charles," repeated his mother, "what do you think about it ?"

"I don't know," Charles finally muttered, scarcely opening his mouth, or turning his head.

"What !" she exclaimed with surprise.

"I don't know, I tell you," he answered in a short, quick, pettish tone, moving his elbows backwards, and almost rising from his seat, for he was so vexed he could not sit still.

Nothing affects angry children so much as to have others speak kindly to them. To hear his mother speak in such a mild way, and with so much affection, and then to have his conscience stinging him all the time, and telling him that he was feeling wrong, and acting cruel-

ly towards one that loved him so tenderly—oh! it was more than he could endure. His bosom heaved, and his heart beat so loudly, that he was ashamed, for fear his mother would hear it. He would have given any thing not to have seen that tender look, which glanced from her needle upon him. It was worse than a needle itself. He wished he could run from himself. But these and a thousand other wishes in his mind gave him no relief. All the wishes in the world could do him no good. He had done wrong, and he knew it, and his mother knew it, and God knew it, and himself now *felt* it. What could he do? The tear-drops, which then began to glisten in his eye, revealed his inmost deepest feelings. The struggle was over.

"Mother," said he, in a low, penitent voice, "will you forgive me for speaking so just now? I hope I may never speak to you in such a way again."

I cannot describe the thrill of joy that mother felt, as she sealed her forgiveness with such a kiss of affection as none but mothers can give. And Charles would not have changed the hap-

piness he enjoyed when he felt that his mother was reconciled to him, for the privilege of playing with the boys a hundred times. He spent the afternoon pleasantly at home; and as he stood by the window and looked out upon the quiet prospect, just as the sun was setting, he felt a peace in his own bosom which made every thing look delightful around him.

"THAT BOY'S HAT."

Joseph is a little boy. He is not yet six years old. His mother takes much pains to teach him to read. She tells him never to drink rum.

She has told him about drunkards. He knows that drunkards are men who drink much rum or gin, or some other drink which takes away their senses.—When Joseph was four years old, his father gave him a new hat. It was like this one.



He was much pleased with it. He often



took a brush and asked his father to brush it. One day his father went with him to walk on the common. There he saw a poor boy whose ragged clothes were very dirty. "See that boy's hat," said Joseph, "it is not like mine, I guess his father drinks rum."

It was wrong in Joseph to be proud of his hat. The fur was worn by a beaver before he



wore it. He ought to have pitied the poor boy. It was not the boy's fault if his father did drink rum. I am glad Joseph remembered what his mother told him, and I hope he will never drink any thing which makes folks drunk.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT LOVED THE BIBLE.

George was the youngest son of his parents. When he was about four years and a half old, a lady called at his father's house and said to him, "George, what will you take for the baby? Will you sell your little sister to me?"

His little sister was asleep in the cradle, and



George loved her very much, and loved to rock

her when his mother wished to have him.

The lady who asked him if he would sell her, only said it in sport, for she knew that he would not wish to sell his sister, even if he had a right to. But she wished to see what George would say.

George looked at the baby a minute, and then began to cry, and then said, "If mother will let me, I will sell little sister, if you will give me a Bible for her."

His mother thought that George did not understand the lady. Then the lady said "May I take little sister home, and give you a Bible for her?" Tears ran down George's cheeks, because he loved his little sister very much, but he said, "Yes ma'am, if you will give me such a Bible as we use at family prayers, every morning and every night."

A few days after the lady saw him again, and he told his mother, "I want a Bible, and I want to keep little sister too." His mother told him he should have a Bible without selling his little sister to buy one; after a few days George was very happy with his little sister, and a nice new

Bible of his own. How much would you give for a Bible?

REASON AND INSTINCT.

John was about six years old. He had always lived in the city, and he knew little about the wonderful things to be seen in the fields.—One day, when his father went with him to walk in the country, he found a bird's nest.—He asked his father what those round things



were, which looked like smooth pebbles.

Father. They are bird's eggs.

John. Who made that pretty place, to put them in?

Father. The birds made it. It is their nest.

John. Who showed them how ?

Father. They knew how without showing.

John. That is strange. I couldn't make such a nest, if nobody showed me how.

Father. You could learn by trying a good many times, if you had a nest ready made to imitate, and if some one should show you how to begin, and afterwards point out your mistakes. But the birds need no teachers: the youngest can make a nest as well as the oldest.

John. I guess you are telling me a puzzle.

Father. It is a puzzle to the wise philosophers as well as children. The answer is, that God has given, *instinct* to the birds, and *reason* to you.

John. I am puzzled now as much as before.

Father. I am glad to hear you say so. Some boys are satisfied with the words without the meaning. I am glad you are not. Now you will pay attention while I explain the words I used.

By *Reason*, we can compare one fact with

another, and so increase our knowledge. It was your reason which led you to ask who made this nest. When you see hats, your reason teaches you there must be a hatter; and when you saw this nest, you justly reasoned that there must have been a nest-maker. Reason has enabled men to make the rail-road, and

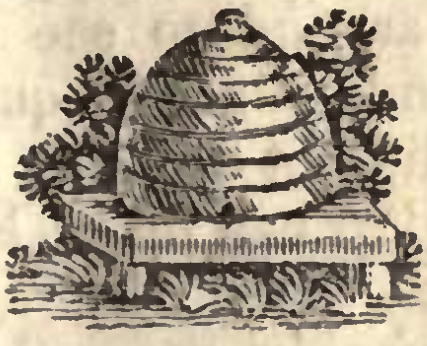


the rail-cars by which we rode out from the city yesterday. The skill of all the birds and bees, united with the power of the elephants and whales, could not make such machinery.

John. What is instinct?

Father. Instinct is an impulse or moving power, which God has given to animals without reason, which prompts them to do just those things which are needful and proper for their own support and for the comfort of their offspring. They often do things without knowing what they are for. Some insects provide food in the fall, for their young which are not hatched till spring, and they never live to see

them. Whatever is done by instinct is done perfectly at the first trial. No improvement is afterwards made, and there is no need of any. All the skilful mechanics and wise philosophers in the world could not make honey-comb out of the yellow dust of flowers so well as the young bees in this hive.



John. Then instinct enables animals to do a few things well, but does not help them to improve.

Father. You are right. And reason helps us to do a great many things, and to go on improving as long as we live. But reason does not keep us from doing wrong.

"Reasoning at every step he treads,
Man oft mistakes his way,
While meaner things that instinct leads,
Are seldom known to stray."

JOHN JONES.

John Jones was a fine strong boy, and would have been good, but his friends were too proud of him; and they gave him praise he had no right to.

If he ran, or rode, or sung, or gave a jump, he would look around to see who was there to praise him, and would be quite grave and sad, if some one did not cry, "O how fine that is!"

If John had grown up so, he would have been quite a dunce.

When he was six years old, his friends sent him to school. Here is the school house.



Here he found that he was not so smart a boy as he had been made to think he was.

The first day John went to school, he was told to read a page in a book which was not hard; he got through the task with a few faults and was told to sit down.

Then the boy who was next to him. who was five years old, was bid to read a page, in the same book in which John had read; he made no faults and was told he had done well.

This did not please John, for he thought no one should have praise when he had not. He did not cry, but he put on an odd sort of a cross face, which made the boys near him laugh.



When it was time for the boys to write, John was glad, for he had heard his friends say, "No boy of his age writes so well as John."

But when he got through two lines, the man who taught the boys to write, said he wrote so ill that he must be put back to strokes next day; and so it was with most of the things he had to do in school.

This made John cry and grieve, but it was of use to him, for it made him know the truth; and at last he found out that there was not a boy in the whole school who knew less than he did.

But at play John would still look round for praise, and think the boys were all to cry out, "how fine" to all he did; and when no one said, "How well he runs! How well he jumps!" John would sit down and not speak a word for half an hour. No boy can be long gay who must have praise to make him so.

At last some of the boys found out how vain John was, and they made such a joke of him that he did not know what to do.

If by chance he fell down, or broke a toy, they would clap their hands and cry out, "O what a fine boy he is! How well he falls! No one can break a toy as well as he!

The boys were not kind to John, for he was rude to them all, and would push them out of his way, and try to get first when he had no right to do so; and he would look cross if they said a word to him of his bad tricks. So in

truth poor John led a very sad life with them.

John's friends found him so ill off at this school, that they took him from it, and at the next he went to he did not act so like a dunce.

He took pains to learn, and grow wise; and to please those he was to live with: and at last John felt much more glad to have the love of all who knew him, than to get false praise.

THE CRUEL BOY.

There are few things more disgraceful in children than to be cruel to those harmless creatures, which are unable to defend themselves.

If I see a child pull off the wings of an insect, or throw stones at the toads, or take pains to set foot upon a worm, I am sure that there is something wrong about him, or that he has not been well instructed.

There was once a boy who loved to give pain to every thing that came in his way, over which he could gain any power.

He would take eggs from the mourning



Robin, and torture the unfledged brood of the sparrow. He delighted to worry and distress



all the Cats and Dogs he met with; and he



would throw stones at the peaceable Cow, and





the faithful Horse. I do not like to tell you the many cruel things that he did.

He was told that such things were wrong. An excellent lady with whom he lived used to warn and reprove him for his evil conduct—but he did not reform.

When he grew up, he became a soldier. He was never sorry to see men wounded, and blood running upon the earth. He became so wicked as to lay a plan to betray his country, and to

sell it into the hands of the enemy. This was being a traitor. But he was discovered and fled.

He never dared to return to his native land, but lived despised, and died miserably in a foreign clime. Such was the end of the cruel boy who loved to give pain to animals.

He was born at Norwich, in Connecticut, and the beautiful city of his birth is ashamed of his memory. His name was ☞ *Benedict Arnold.* ☜



